Wm Bronscombe 1903

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVIII. No. 29 MONTREAL, JULY 17, 1903. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Go A-Fishing.

(Geneviève Irons.)

The tide is heavy with the draught,
And fishermen are few;
My heart and hands are strong for work,
Oh, let me come with you!
The land-life that I used to love
Has lost its charm for me,
And all my light and all my joy
Are out upon the sea.

My childhood's visions have outlived
The dreams of after youth,
And, with a soul-enchanting power,
Have won me back to truth;
Then why must I be land-bound still,
When all that now I crave
Is work upon God's wondrous deep,
And, in that deep, a grave?

Farewell to home, the home I love
Lies out beyond the sea;
Farewell to wealth, my fisher's coat
Is dower enough for me.
Give me my net, a loving heart
That spreads both deep and wide,
Then let me leave all else behind
And launch out on the tide.

For multitudes of living hearts
Within that ocean move,
And all that they are waiting for
Are fishing-nets of love,
That they may breathe the upper air,
And see the glory shed
By Mercy's moonbeams shining through
The midnight overhead.

Why must I wait, and sicken here
With unfulfilled desire?
Some kindling light I never sought
Hath set my soul on fire!
And in that light all things have grown
As darkness unto me,
And through the darkness comes a voice
'Go, work upon the sea.'

THE TIDE IS HEAVY WITH THE DRAUGHT.

A Rummage Sale.

'Annie A. Preston, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Into one of the now popular rummage sales held for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society in a Connecticut country village came a fine, scholarly man, who said in his usual gently modulated voice as he glanced over a collection of musty old books:

'At one point in my childhood my whole future seemed to be at the mercy of a rummage sale.'

'How was that?' 'Is there nothing new under the sun?' 'We supposed rummage sales at least to be a modern innovation!' The exclamations came so thick and fast that the gentleman threw up his hands as if to ward them off as he replied with a light that was not quite a smile illuminating his thoughtful face.

'The rummage sales in my boyhood days were not conducted on the present delightful plan. Allow me to explain,' and to a little group who lingered, attentive to his words, he said: 'My father went into the army in '61, and thereafter my mother and I found life a weary, thorny path.

'Our family antecendents were simply those of the mass of honest, intelligent, industrious farm folk. My mother worked indoors and out, keeping the home together, that her soldier might not only have its memory but its hope to cheer him. A vain effort, for one day the mail brought his letter of farewell, written by a kindly nurse, but signed tremblingly by his own hand. Oh, that letter with its message of woe! I have it still. It seemed to us as if the rain that fell upon our faces was nature's tribute of sorrow.

'Ours was not, nor had it been within my mother's knowledge a religious family; so what was her astonishment to find within that letter these words: "Whatever else you may do for our son, Emeline, teach him to believe in the God of the Bible and believe in him yourself."

'"But I have no Bible," sobbed my mother, "and in times like these how am I

to get one?" and this came to be the great perplexity of our simple lives. Bibles were not for sale in our town. Books of all kinds were very expensive an account of the scarcity of paper-making material. My mother's friends were not of the class likely to have Bibles to give away: Our great loss seemed to set us apart from the neighbors, who gave us a silent sympathy. A feeling of honor that he had died in his country's service made us strive to conform our lives to his standard. The overwhelming desire to obey his last message wrapped us in an atmosphere of belief. We kept at home, knowing little of the news of battles or feats of arms, but all the time a new enthusiasm that we did not ourselves understand was growing within us, a burning thirst to know and to be what was best.

'One day I was sent to the store to purchase a hank of black linen thread, and the woman who stood behind the "notion counter" wrapped it in a leaf torn from a large book.

'"Oh!" I exclaimed, forgetting my habitual timidity in my excitement, "isn't that the Bible?" "Yes," answered the woman, curtly, "What of it?"

'"You musn't tear it. It is God's Book!"

'"It's mine," laughed the woman. "Paper is dear, and these thin leaves will do up a lot of little trinkets, but if you feel so bad about it I will sell it to you for its weight in old papers, if you want it. Tell your mother that everybody is rummaging their houses from cellar to garret for old papers and selling them at a good price, but it will take a lot to pay for this old Bible—it is heavy, you see. I'll keep it for you until this evening," and she put it back upon a shelf as I seized my parcel and took to my heels for home.

'"We must have that Bible!" exclaimed my mother, when she had heard my excited story. "Of course, we must have that Bible if it takes every scrap of paper in the house."

'Then it was that my future, although not realized by us at the time, depended upon that rummage. Bundles of old papers which contained sensational stories, saved to read again—for good books were not cheap and plenty then as they are now—were brought out and loaded into a rude handcart, and our resources being exhausted, my mother went with me at twilight to the store. There was not quite enough to overweight the Bible, but the amused shop-woman threw in the balance and, with our treasure, we hastened home, where that very evening our education began—mother's and mine both. Our work, our religion, our study, and the remembrance of our deep sorrow transformed our humble dwelling into a sanctuary, for there, truly, we met God.

'The woman in the store told our story to her customers. In time it reached the ears of the minister, and he came to see us, showing us and our experience a sort of beneficent deference grateful to our hearts.

'From that time on we had God—God's Book and God's friends, and that was much. From that time our education went forward. You know my mother now. The obligation imposed by my father's last message has never left us; we believe our belief has prompted us to diligence. The Bible, through the God of the Bible, has shaped our lives.'

'And it shows why you and your mother both are beloved as readily and naturally as you love,' replied one who was listening, 'for God is love.'

Activity in Suffering.

The friends of Dr. Morrison, of Chelsea, wondered how he found time and possessed strength for the amount of work which he accomplished. And the fact is, strange as the statement may seem, that even his busy brain and industrious hand would have been altogether inadequate to the performance of so much labor but for the necessity imposed upon him by disease.

For nearly five-and-twenty years of his life he was so afflicted by asthma that he was oftener than otherwise compelled to leave his bed by two or three o'clock in the morning, and, although refreshed by occasional slumber in his chair, it was no unusual thing for him to have done a half-day's work with his pen before the arrival of the breakfast hour. And at the breakfast table he would appear as fresh and cheerful as if he had only just risen from the enjoyment of unbroken rest.—'Sunday at Home.'

Postal Crusade.

The following amounts have been received at the 'Witness' Office for the 'Post-Office Crusade' Fund:—

Mrs. J. O. Tait, Hollen, Ont.	$1.00
Friend, Merrickville, Ont.	1.00
Minnie F. Butler, Shoal Harbor, Nfld.	4.86
'P.' Douglaston, N.W.T.	.50
Mrs. T. Parnell, Ayer's Flat, Que. .	.35
Total	$7.71

MESSAGE FROM MR. LAFLAMME.

Dear Editor,—Last summer a number of the readers of the 'Northern Messenger' sent in great quantities of books, papers, etc., for a box to be sent to Mr. Laflamme, a missionary editor, in Cocanada, India. Mr. Laflamme received the gifts thankfully. From his report I condense the following, and will use the rest of his message in the September number of 'The Post-Office Crusade':—

'The response has been beyond all expectation: three boxes of books and papers arrived from Great Britain, five great packing cases of books, papers, magazines, reward cards, scripture texts and pictures, thousands in number and tons in weight, from Canada. The books have added 280 volumes to the free circulating library, and fifteen missionaries, in an area of hundreds of miles, have been supplied.' Still there is more. Ten of the largest places in the Telugu country have been heard from. Missionaries there write Mr. Laflamme thus: 'Send us the papers. We can use them. This is a good work. You are very kind to give us a share in it.' Of his field Mr. Laflamme writes: 'This is the only station of our mission in which there is any wide opening for this kind of work, and the men appreciate it to the full. Clerks, lawyers, students, government servants, school teachers, and accountants, Hindus, Mohammedan, and Christian, Telegu, Eurasian and Anglo-Indian, all join in sincere gratitude to the kind donors of these books and magazines.' These gifts the friends will kindly remember were collected through The Foreign Mission Club, London, England, who sent three boxes, and five great packing cases were secured by Mr. Laflamme's father, Mr. A. J. Laflamme, of Morrisburg, Ont., and 'The Post-Office Crusade,' through the 'Northern Messenger.'

In a private letter Mr. Laflamme says: 'It took my breath away. I had not the time to unpack them for months. It came to me that all this part of India was to participate. So the plan shaped, and is now being carried out, of distributing literature amongst all who are willing to pay sufficient to cover the freight out. Some of the papers have gone to Calcutta, 600 miles north; Seamderabad, 300 miles to the west; and to places away beyond Madras, 400 miles to the south.'

I find that Mr. Laflamme had to pay $26 for freight; so far, one-fourth of this has been refunded him by other missionaries. He does not ask our assistance, as he is a very honorable, high-minded man, but I do think it would be a Christian act to help hold up his hands. I understand that he is not strong, and has many of the trials incident to the life of a missionary. For instance, he has only one child, a dear little girl, and she has to live in Canada while he works abroad. For a long time, too, he was obliged to live in India alone without his wife. Some missionaries whom I have entertained have told me that he was just one of the most helpful and brotherly of men, always trying to scatter sunshine in the paths of others. If anyone wants to help pay that freight, I will be glad to forward the amount. Kindly understand the literature is going to all denominations. Mr. Laflamme is a very broad-minded man.

Yesterday (June 26) I found $6.71 waiting for me at the 'Witness' Office. Many thanks. The money sent into the 'Witness' Office is acknowledged by the Editors. I acknowledge what comes to me personally. Up to date every applicant is supplied, and there is no debt on any department of the work. So far the leaflet, 'Post-Office Crusade,' has 100 paid-up subscribers: that means if one subscriber got ten more, we would have the 1,000 asked for. Until September kindly address all correspondence to

MRS. EDWARDS-COLE,
'Frogmore,' Thurso, Que.

After the above was written the mail brought a pleasant surprise.

Mr. George H. Smith, of Olds, Alta., sent $30 for the support of a native preacher in India. This is a new department of our work, and one that makes me feel very grateful and encouraged.

The money goes to Mr. Laflamme, Cocanada, India, with the request that he will choose a faithful man as our first Post-Office Crusade native pastor. It will be interesting to hear about him and of his work. Mr. Laflamme has been asked to write up a special article for our little paper, 'The Post-Office Crusade,' giving us items regarding the life and fields of this missionary.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Tale of Towels

(Agnes E. Wilson, in 'Christian Endeavor World.')

When the firm of Milburn and Colfax, dealers in dry goods and notions, wound up the business in which they had for many years served the public of the little city of Redfields, Delmar Bennett, their youngest and shrewdest clerk, saw his way clear to the little shop of his own, where he hoped to do business upon the principles which had made Milburn and Colfax's the most popular store of the little city.

Those principles were well known to every clerk who had ever found employment at Milburn and Colfax's.

'If it is bought at Milburn and Colfax's it is right,' their advertisement said. 'If it isn't right, Milburn and Colfax stand to make it right.'

They had not only said it, but they had done it. A long career of unblemished integrity, unsullied honor, had won them the undisputed trust of their patrons. No goods had ever been misrepresented; no flaw had ever been concealed; no inferior goods had ever been offered to the public. What was sold at Milburn's had always been the best of its kind.

Delmar Bennett had been under the instruction, not only of the practice, but of the precept, of his employer, during the year when the business was being closed. Mr. Milburn, knowing his plan of setting up an establishment of his own, had allowed his favorite clerk every opportunity possible to understand the business to the bottom, and had added to these opportunities many chapters recounted from his own experience.

'You mustn't think it is going to be always easy,' the old merchant said, in one of their evening talks. 'You will understand better what I mean when it comes to the test of what is before you. I know you mean to build your success on the solid rock of business honor. It is the only way. I don't mean that honesty is the best policy in the little, sordid sense of that saying. I think it is, in the long run, but what I mean is that there is something better than financial gains, and that is self-respect, and something worth more to you than reputation, and that is character. I want to say to you that I know that it is possible to live up to the highest standard of honor, although it requires constant watchfulness, both of yourself and of others.'

A moment's silence fell. Then the old merchant continued.

'It is hard because you will find that men who scorn to take a lie upon their lips will many of them not hesitate to put one into your actions, and you will be tempted to follow their example. You will discover that it is sometimes possible to retain the respect of others even while you forfeit your respect for yourself; and this course will present itself to you on occasion so advantageously that it will make you hesitate. I remember how keenly these temptations appealed to me when Milburn's was a little store on a side street, where sales were small and profits microscopic. I made a good many mistakes and a good many failures, and the memory of them makes me say to you that if you will remember, when these things come up, that the way to real satisfaction in life is to live up to the highest standard you can set for yourself, you can safely leave the profits to take care of themselves.'

His employer's words fitting him so exactly with what his own life had always been, made a deep impression upon Delmar Bennett. And yet, when it was all over, and Milburn and Colfax's was only a memory in the town which it had served so long, when the bright new sign of Delmar Bennett was put over the spick-span shop over which he presided in person, he found himself inclined to smile a little over the earnestness of his old employer's warning.

For Delmar Bennett was not finding things hard at all. He had put in a stock limited to the lines with which he was familiar, and had taken care that everything should be thoroughly good of its kind.

He had found the public appreciative. He had always found it safe to experiment with some new lines of goods which he had sometimes not at first carried. The wholesale houses had given him favorable terms, and sometimes special privileges. The young merchant told himself that times had changed since his employer had carved out his first success. It was not hard to keep up to his standard when everybody was so encouraging.

Perhaps because he had cherished this belief during the first months of his venture he did not recognize temptation when it came. A travelling man who had shown him many favors was in his shop after the closing hour.

'I tell you, you aren't running this thing right,' the travelling man began in a tone of friendly expostulation. 'I've travelled for a little of everything in my day, and I know something about it. Take your knitting silk for instance. There isn't one woman in twenty knows the difference between the different makes. They all retail for the same price; yet you choose the make which costs you the most at wholesale.'

'I know the difference, if my customers don't. This is the smoothest and best-finished silk.'

'Maybe it is, but not many know it. Why don't you keep both kinds? Then, if they expressed no preference, sell them the kind which costs you least.'

'Then there's your velvet ribbons,' Travis went on. 'Just before you closed a woman left the store because she couldn't get the cheap ribbon here. When people want that kind of goods, you ought to be ready to sell them to them.'

'That cheap velvet ribbon doesn't give satisfaction,' Delmar defended himself. 'It hasn't any selvage, and it frizzles out in no time at all.'

'I don't doubt it. But that was the kind she wanted, and the kind she bought somewhere else. And the percent of profit is much higher on that class of goods, as you know very well.'

'Come, Travis,' Delmar said at last, as the travelling man multiplied instances, 'what do you want to sell me? Have you some seconds that you want to unload on me?'

The travelling man laughed.

'Well, not exactly. I'd like to put in a line of towels for you that only an expert could tell from those you are handling, and which would allow you three times as much profit.'

'Three times naught is naught. There isn't any profit on those towels. I've just put in my linens, and I want everybody to know that I have them.'

'Put in a line of my goods; and your customers will never know the difference, and you will have thirty percent profit besides.'

'And the wearing qualities?'

'You don't have to worry about that. Anyway, they are all right. New process, you know; looks like pure linen; wearing qualities not impaired in the process of manufacture.'

'The wearing qualities of the cotton?'

Travis laughed again.

'Let me show you my samples,' he said skilfully dodging the question.

The result was one which Delmar himself could not have foreseen. Travis went away with a 'hurry up' order for the cheaper grade of goods which he had pressed upon the young merchant.

Once out of the presence of the travelling man, Delmar found time to reflect upon the order, and his reflections did not make him comfortable. Tell himself as persistently as he might that he was meditating nothing dishonoroble, he could not help feeling that he had lowered his standard. Even the words of appreciation and praise that had seemed so pleasant before, became gall and wormwood to him. And it seemed as if his customers were everyone determined to talk to him about towels!

'It's such a pleasure to Milburn and Colfax's old customers to be served in Milburn and Colfax's old way,' one lady said, as he rolled up her purchase of linen. 'We are all hoping you will enlarge your business rapidly, Mr. Bennett.'

For the first time the thought of his old employer was an unpleasant one. Had Mr. Milburn meant towels? he wondered.

'No, it is pure selfishness,' the lady replied. 'Our concern for your success isn't a bit disinterested, I assure you.'

'That is the highest compliment yet,' he made answer.

But the lady wondered at his pre-occupied air, and went away wondering whether, after all, Delmar Bennett was not over-young for the responsibilities of such a situation.

'These are all linen, aren't they, Delmar?' queried an old friend who had known him from his boyhood, an hour or two later, as she fingered the towels. 'It seems to me linen nowadays isn't what it used to be. I suppose that is a sign that I am growing old. But they have discovered so many ways of making one thing look like another that one has to be an expert not to be deceived.'

'You'll find that these will give you satisfaction, I'm sure, Mrs. Reynolds.'

He paused to think how glad he was that he could still say that. When that new line was in—well, he would not think of that. Of course, he did not mean to say that they were linen, but perhaps not many would ask.

It was only a day or two until the new goods came. He was in no haste to get

them out of their boxes. Time enough to put them on the market when the others were gone. That would not be long now. He wondered dully whether nearly all who wanted towels had not already supplied themselves. It seemed to him that he had sold nothing but towels for a week.

He went forward to wait on a customer, another old friend.

'Some towels like those Mrs. McDonald got here,' she said, with the easy familiarity of long acquaintance. 'You have them still in stock?'

'Only a few left now,' Delmar replied. 'They are beauties, I think, and a real bargain.'

'I agree with you. Do you know, Delmar, we are all saying how nice it is to have a place where we can buy with confidence that things are all right? We say as we used to Milburn's, "If you bought it at Bennett's, it is right."'

'At least, if you buy it at Bennett's, Bennett means to have it right,' Delmar replied. And then the hot blood surged over his face. Was it true? He thought of those odious towels.

His shop was left to the care of his assistant for a half-hour after that. Alone, in the little back room which served as a storeroom, Delmar Bennett faced anew the question. Possibly he might sell these towels without forfeiting the good opinion of others. But his good opinion of himself was gone, and there was only one way to regain it.

'Somebody says something about the foolishness of a "purchase of repentance,"' he said to himself grimly. 'I think I have been laying out money in that kind of a bargain.'

'Are you going to get that new lot of towels out right away?' queried the assistant, looking in upon him.

'The new lot isn't going on sale,' he said, with a promptness which surprised himself. 'The general public will have to do without towels for a day or two, or get them somewhere else.'

He went forward into the shop. 'Take down all those cards announcing the linen sale,' he directed. 'We'll make the run on ribbons the rest of this week. Those new towels aren't good enough for my trade.'

'I don't believe he ever looked at them,' murmured the assistant as he made the changes ordered. He was still more surprised when the goods were neither sold nor returned. He never knew that in his own mind his employer had labelled the case, 'A Purchase of Repentance,' and kept it as a reminder of a standard which, for a little while, he had forgotten.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' Subscribers for a list of ten subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

The People's Horse, Cattle, Sheep and Swine Doctor. This book gives a description of the diseases of the Horse, Cattle, Sheep, and Swine, with exact doses of medicine. Usually sold at $1.00, will be given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of seven subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S MINION BIBLE, suitable for Church, Sabbath school or Day School. Each boy and girl reader of the 'Messenger' should possess one. Given for five subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

BAGSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE — A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 307 pages, containing the following: Valuable Bible Helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

What are the Wild Waves Saying?

A SHETLAND IDYLL.

(George Aitken, author of 'Home in Heathenland, in 'Christian Leader.')

In the Shetlands Islands the sense of remoteness and isolation becomes oppressive, and one has the feeling of being still at sea. Turn where you will, the blue ocean catches your eye and its briny breezes fill the nostrils. Terraces of sienna rock line the green hilly islands, and form ragged fringes far into the sea. Over these rocks diminutive sheep, black, 'murret,' and grey, wander and nibble the seaweed, until the returning tide drives them to the hillsides where the pasturage is about equally scant. Innumerable islets with sharp majestic crags stand sentinel around the mainland; upon these many a gallant ship has met her fate.

The scenery is stupidly quiet on calm days; not a gull screams, no spray dashes upon the rocks, the water seems too lazy to ripple as the slimy seaweed and sturdy tangles float and bob upon its oily surface. No horizon divides the waters above from the waters below; and the mid-sea can be distinguished only by brown dots here and there, seemingly fishing boats with all sail set, yet for lack of wind forced to swing there, unable to put to sea, helpless to come to land.

'Dey suidna gid out dis day, nae ae whuff on da wide watter is der!'

'Dat's truth, Maggie, dey micht a bidden dis day at da'peats.'

The speakers were descending the main-road from the peat-hill, each bending beneath a piled-up 'keshie' or creel of cured turf. Many journeys were needed between hill and hamlet to build the peat-stack before the door high enough to ensure a warm hearth during the long, dark winter. The two women were clad in short, wincy petticoats and wrappers of print, their heads and shoulders were shrouded in hand knitted shawls, while upon their feet flexible, raw-hide sandals were bound. But the home-bringing of the peats, however necessary, was too unremunerative a task to deserve exclusive time and attention; so each woman was busy at her stocking, and as she sturdily tramped on the needles flashed and the conversation flew. Presently reaching the stony beach they strode over the burn upon stepping stones and clambered up the face of the brae to the spongy, sloppy bog in which their houses stood.

The hamlet consists of half-a-dozen huts scattered and set at various angles. The walls are built in unequal layers of flat stones without lime or cement of any kind; they are extremely low, for it would be unsafe to carry them high. The roofs are of turf sods and scanty layers of straw. Some have an old fishing-net cast over all and weighed down by stones. Each of these cabins is a home, sheltering respectively the Jamiesons, the Malcomsons, the Hoskisons, to the third and fourth generation. It is the season of the long line fishing, and the brave lads are all at sea, while the women, children and auld done folks toil about the crofts ashore.

Having stacked her load of peats, Janet Duncanson turned into her own cabin and lifted the latch of the thin plank door into the living room. A pungent odor of warm reek pervades the interior. The roof is low, and the rafters are ebony black with ages of smoke. They are decorated with fishing-nets, bunches of long lines and hooks and other sea gear; with elbow skeletons of salted mutton and huge dried haddocks. The floor is a mosaic of flag stones, indifferently fitted, and but nominally flat. Over a pyramid of glowing peats a large pot swings and simmers. Two shaggy dogs and a sedate cat circle the capacious hearth, while behind these, and sunk deeply in his chair sits old Eric, laboring heavily in sleep. Gnarled old sea-dog and true Scandinavian, he is bonneted and jerkinned as if waiting the call, 'all hands,' yet he is caked and begrimed as if his watch had just tumbled below. There he sits, relic of forty years arduous, perilous fisherman's life, stoutly denying day by day that his sea days are over, yet perceptibly failing under a dropsy and a dastardly lumbago. He started with a gasp and a growl to find his daughter-in-law at his side, and gripping the arms of his chair he ponderously pulled himself to his feet.

'Ay, ay, lass, has Magney come in?'

'Na, faider, dey'll no can come in dis nicht, noo.'

Eric struggled to the window and with his hands spread upon the table solemnly peered out of the small panes. Then he stumbled noisily to the door followed by the dogs. Taking off his bonnet he rubbed his face and white head as if bathing them in the cold air. Slowly he scrutinized sky and sea, dreamily at first, then more keenly. True, early dusk was already shadowing the east, but the grey haze there was too distinct to be accounted for by that alone. The water had become steely grey, and sea gulls were wheeling fitfully over the rocks, as if tentatively trying their powers of flight. True, all was supremely calm, and the odor of the rotting seaweed engrossed the senses, but it was an oppressive calm such as old Eric instinctively disliked. He jolted down the hillside to have a look at Magnus Goudie's weather glass. He encountered Maggie returning from the spring and bravely shouted—

'Tu wull hae nae lad, dis nicht, Marget lass!'

'Thinkst du nae, Eric,' and she too turned and scanned the now leaden sea.

'Der's a blaw comin', lass, but a misdoot dey'll no come in,' he explained as he moved on.

A strain of concern was in his words and Maggie felt it; it was in his manner too, and she sighed as she scaled the sodden hillside to her cottage and went inside. The teapot stood upon the hearth, and a thick barley-meal cake was slowly crusting at the peat embers. A woman, worn and gray, was attending to it; having felt it all over with her thin fingers she turned its remotest segment toward the warm glow, then rising she groped for her chair and turned a vacant face in Maggie's direction. She was blind!

'The lads are nae hame yet, Marget?' she asked.

Maggie was bending over the cradle of her first-born and crooning faintly, but she stopped to say rather curtly, 'No!'

'Dost du no see da boats, lassie?'

It was another voice this time and came from the box-bed. The wooden sides and door looked like a wall of the apartment;

but for a slit of a few inches out of which a white mutch was thrust and a withered hand, tremulous with the palsy of age and suffering.

'Dost du no see da boats, lassie, canst du no speak,' again querulously demanded the broken voice.

'No, granny, the boats will not come this nicht,' answered Maggie, and crossing over she took the withered hand into her own.

'How are du noo, granny—ready for du's supper?'

The old woman sank back and shut her eyes. 'I've been awfu' bad, just stangin' and burnin', it gies me a heap o' trouble: da Lord gie me patience!' and she wiped her eyes with the string of her mutch.

'Let me put da little Malcom beside du, granny,' and Maggie tucked her babe beside his great-grandmother and sat down to her spinning till supper time. Low wailing of wind mingled from time to time with the hum of her wheel and she knew that the weather had changed. Suddenly the flimsy front door burst open and a cold blast searched the room; Maggie looked up with amazed concern and setting aside her spinning-wheel stepped out and shut the door behind her. It was quite dusk, too dark even for the practised eye of a fisherman's wife, to detect objects at sea. The wind was steadily rising and sweeping upon the hamlet in boisterous gusts, the lapping of the water upon the rocks could be heard, and the sea-gulls were screaming. More than she were at their doors gazing seaward. Even after the night had thickened into an inky blackness, without one star, the women came to their doors, time after time, turn by turn, upon any or no pretext, and peered seaward into the mirk. The wind was awake now without doubt, and they sighed and prayed as each gust blew more stubbornly upon them. Inside the house, however, nothing was said. The oldest generation had sunk into weary sleep and the youngest dreamt and smiled in their dreams.

Maggie and blind Isabel sat by the peat fire long after their supper of potatoes and dried fish had been eaten. Sometimes the baby whimpered in his sleep and the mother went over to soothe him, but she would not lie down herself. Outside the wind whistled and forced its way at the many crannies in the unplastered cabin. The dog growled as the storm moaned and howled, and the fickle sea now abandoning its insincere gentleness, thundered on the rocks below.

Maggie was restless and fearful, but blind Bell, so used to long lonely spells sat moodily silent. At length she grasped her young sister's hand, and said, 'Wull du no' lie doun, Maggie?' A tightening of her clasp was all the answer she got, and she knew too well the agony that was tearing the young wife's heart.

It was far into the night when shrill voices, contending with the shriller wind, passed the window, and Margaret hurried out. The women and few men were going to save the curing plant which had been left on the beach. The wind was fierce and the sea furious, throwing itself far beyond its customary tide mark. Grimly they hauled the curing tubs and small boats up the steep shore. Many a fearful look was cast into the murky depths beyond, many a sigh was lost in the hurricane's blast, many a tear mingled with the salt spray. Yet little was said.

Old Elspet Sinclair, who had three sons out, said all that could or need be said when she cried, as a huge green wave chased them up the beach, and shattered itself upon the shingle, 'May da Lord protect his ain dis nicht!'

For three days and nights the hurricane swept the treeless islands and the pathless sea. From many a 'voe' and 'wick' did anxious eyes, nipping with salt sea and biting wind, continue to behold with fear the surly sea at their doors, and the seething caulron of wind and water beyond.

Then bits of wreckage began to be thrown up, and they knew that some of the watchers were now watching in vain. They could only wait and wonder how many, and who, of the brave lads would see home again. At length news came that some of the boats had made Scalloway, in a sore shattered state, and with sad gaps in their crews. Others, too, found themselves, as if by a miracle, in some friendly 'voe' far from home, and whole families of women folks breathed freely again. But many a tidy boat and gallant fisherman never came again.

* * * * * * * *

The storm has run its course, and the sea is once more a placid pond, and the wind as a zephyr.

Blind Bell, seated on a low chair by the peat embers, is gently swinging the orphan's cradle, for Maggie has again gone to the hill with her stocking and 'keshie.' Though she has company, even widow neighbors, and the needles flash faster than ever, talk there is none. Old Eric has crawled along, and is carying armfuls of peats into the house. As he stumbles at the door the old bedril starts up and cries:

'Are dey no hame yet, da braw lads.'

Then after a bit, 'Puir chields.'

But nobody answers her. Neither withered granny nor blooming Maggie, nor tottering Eric saw their braw lads any more.

Well may they dread the moody ocean, for wind and wave are laden with bitter memories for them. Yet they would stifle if they were away from its fresh breezes and wide fields of blue.

Why He Gave You Just Weight.

In a small village there once lived an industrious little lad who was desirous to earn his own spending money. So he began the gathering of bones and old iron. One day a buyer came, and as the colored man was weighing in his balances, the boy's merchandise, a by-stander said:—'Now, old man, don't cheat the boy.' 'I certainly won't,' he replied, 'as I am not going to stay here long.' 'Where do you propose going?' he was asked. 'I am going to judgment. As I weigh here, so shall I be weighed there, and in that balance I do not want to be found wanting.'

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How Tom Weaver Saved Number 204.

(Frederick E. Burnham, in 'Wellspring.')

The skating on Winuchus River had been excellent for several weeks, and the young men of Lonsdale had made the most of the sport, scores of them being on the ice nearly every evening in the week. One feat of daring had led to another, until some of the more venturesome had taken a flying start and leaped across a narrow channel of deep water through which the Winuchus Ice Company had been poling their ice from the centre of the lake.

Tom Weaver, the station agent at Edgewood, a small town on the west bank of the Winuchus River, was considered one of the best skaters for miles about. There were few tricks of the steel runners of which he was not master, but when it came to running into needless danger, he was too sensible a young man to take part in the sport. When he refused to leap across the open water in the river, there were those who called him a coward, but the time came that he proved their words false, and demonstrated the fact that he could leap farther than any of them.

The tracks of the H., S. & B. railway ran nearly parallel with the river for several miles, commencing with Edgewood Station and ending with the bridge at Seekonk, where the railway crossed to the east side of the stream. It was eight miles from Edgewood to the bridge, a winding route that made high speed out of the question.

The river had been running pretty strong for several days, as indicated by the rising of the ice and consequent breaking at numerous points along the banks. The initial force of the spring freshets from the north was beginning to be felt, though it was not believed that the ice in the river would break up for several days.

Weaver was seated in his office just after dark, waiting for the south-bound express to pass through ere he went to his supper. An hour previous he had received a despatch stating that the dam at Berwicksford had given way, and that there would be a consequent decided rise in the river.

The ice in the river rose four feet in fifteen minutes, but so solidly was it frozen that, aside from breaking away from the banks, it held together.

The express had just passed the station, its rear light yet visible, when a despatch came over the wires from Seekonk that caused Weaver's hair to fairly stand on end:—

'Flag 204; bridge gone!'

Weaver stared helplessly after the retreating red lights for perhaps three seconds; then he acted. His skates were in the corner where he had dropped them the previous evening, and in less time than it takes to record the fact he had seized both the skates and a lantern and was out of the station. As he ran down to the river, he was disengaging the strap from the skates, and by the time he had reached the ice he had succeeded in strapping the lantern about his waist.

Reports that sounded almost like the reports of cannon came from scores of points along the river, as the ice cracked under the great pressure to which it was being subjected, but Weaver did not hesitate. He knew that ten coaches of pas-

sengers were on their way toward the point where the Seekonk bridge had stood —on their way to death, and he was determined to win in that race with death or die in the attempt.

There was a strong wind in his favor, and inside of two minutes he was covering a mile in considerably less time than three minutes. Strange thoughts entered his mind as he flew on and on; thoughts that had no place there at that time, of that he was certain, but they came, nevertheless.

Through an opening in the hills, he caught a glimpse of the headlight of Number 204, and it encouraged him, for it was a trifle behind him, showing that his speed was greater than that of the express.

Suddenly a long, black stretch of water appeared before him, less than thirty feet away. Beyond was the undulating ice. He had reached the spot where the Winuchus Ice Company had been poling their ice, but the channel looked wider, much wider than that which he had seen a day or two previous.

He was determined to make the leap of his life, and, springing high in the air, carried forward by his tremendous momentum and the high wind that favored him especially at that minute, he cleared the channel.

Two employees of the ice company were busily engaged endeavoring to save the last of the ice cakes which had been cut, and they were close at hand when Weaver made the leap. They knew not who the daring skater was, but they knew that the leap was one worth recording, and with their poles they measured the width of the channel as best they could. The distance computed proved to be no less than twenty-two feet—twelve feet wider than the channel Weaver had been dared to leap.

The headlight of 204 flashed from time to time, and the fireman, opening the door to the firebox, sent its streaming light heavenward. But the flashes were falling farther and farther to the rear, and Tom Weaver knew his was to be a winning race, unless some accident befell him.

He was not within a half-mile of the spot where the bridge had spanned the river. Straight for that point he made, veering somewhat to the right as he approached, in order to make a landing, for he could hear the rush of the waters, and he knew that each instant the ice was weakening about the ruined piers.

Reaching the shore, Tom scrambled up the bank without stopping to get his skates off, unbuckling the strap that secured the lantern and turning the wick up higher as he clumsily gained the level of the track. He tore his clothes and scratched his hands and face as he struggled through the barbed-wire fence that guarded the railway, but these were trifles that he knew not of at the time.

Suddenly round a curve in the railway shot 204, and the next instant there was a sound of escaping steam and the grinding of brakes. Tom Weaver had won the race.

The first of the following month, Tom was assigned to a more important station on the railway, and naturally there was an increased salary attached to the position, but it is extremely doubtful if he is ever called upon to do more important work than he did that night when he raced with Number 204.

Follow Directions.

(Belle V. Chisholm.)

Fred was going to a party at the home of one of his companions, and as it was to be a grand affair he made his toilet with even more care than usual.

When he was through he ran downstairs and into the library, where his big brother Ben was writing, and asked, 'Will I do? Is my hair all right?'

'Y-e-s,' answered Ben, slowly, as he ran his eyes critically over him from the head downward. 'You look tiptop—all but your shoes. What in the world have you been doing to them? Blacking them with stove polish, or have you wiped the chimney with them?'

'Neither! I polished them with Edna's "Excelsior Paste," the best in the market—and if my shoes are not as bright as silver dollars, it is Edna's fault, not mine, for she told me to use it because it gave a splendid shine;' and then as he glanced ruefully at the blotched shoes, he added, angrily, 'I half believe it was a trick put up on me. I never saw such shoes.'

'You couldn't have used it right if it did not prove satisfactory, because it worked like a charm for me,' retorted Edna, indignantly.

'Well, just look at my shoes,' returned Fred, 'they are ruined.'

'Perhaps you did not follow directions,' suggested Ben. 'Suppose you go back and examine into that matter.'

'I know there were no directions,' muttered Fred, but he obeyed, reluctantly, certain he had done all that was necessary to make a god job. 'There's not a thing on the bottle, only, "Use sponge in applying the paste,"' he grumbled, but when he turned the bottle down he saw in big letters on the other side, 'Follow Directions,' and the directions said plainly, 'After applying brush briskly for five minutes and then polish with a soft cloth until the shoes shine like a mirror.'

'Strange I did not see that before,' said Fred, as he rubbed and polished the unsightly shoes until they fairly glistened.

'Hello! that looks more like it,' exclaimed Ben, as Fred came back, looking conscious of the improvement. 'You followed directions to the advantage of your understanding, surely.'

'And upperstanding, too, perhaps,' returned Fred, good-naturedly.

'What do you mean?' asked Ben. 'I'll explain when I have more time,' replied Fred, tapping his forehead significantly. 'In short, I think I have solved the problem of my school failures; but more again. Good-bye!' and he hurried out to join some of his young friends on their way to the party.

'I wonder if he has,' said Ben, glancing after his retreating form and then dismissing the subject from his mind he returned to his writing and forgot the incident.

But Fred did not. He was very sensitive over his recent failures in examinations—not the first by any means—but he had honestly done his best, or thought he was doing his best in his preliminary work, and his failure had been so pronounced that he had almost given up hopes of ever mastering his lessons. Heretofore he had blamed his treacherous memory for all this trouble, but now he had a suspicion that he was not building his education on a firm foundation. He had always hated rules and regulations and had 'followed directions' just far enough to get through the daily recitations, and this accounted for the lowering of his grades when it came to examination tests. He did not understand the principles thoroughly, hence—his failures.

'I am going to "follow directions" after this,' he said to himself, when school opened again, and he kept his word by beginning right at first, and thoroughly mastering every principle before he left it. If his labor had ended here, it would not have been so hard, but he could not make rapid progress without going back to lay a good foundation upon which to build, consequently he had many hard hours of toil over the directions of back lessons that he had failed to follow.

'It isn't easy to "follow directions" so far behind,' he said to Ben one night when he came to him for some explanation—some point that he could not master even by 'following directions.'

'It's just like building a house from the roof downward,' remarked Ben. 'I should think the masons would find it a pretty stiff job to put the foundation under a heavy house after it had been bulit.'

'I guess that is about what I have been trying to do all these years,' mused Fred, looking very sober.

'It's well you found it out when you did,' said Ben. 'You can go back and undo the wrong by doing it over in the right way now.'

'It will never be as well done as if I had begun at the right end, insisted Fred. However, I am glad that I got into Edna's paste wrong end first, for if I had not I'd never have found out about "following directions," and would have kept on failing all my life.'

Not Wanted.

A blustering young man arrived at a hotel in the West, and he saw a man on the sidewalk whom he supposed to be a laborer, and in a rough way, as no man has a right to address a laborer, said to him, 'Carry this trunk upstairs.' The man carried the trunk upstairs and came down, and then the young man gave him a quarter of a dollar which was clipped, and instead of being twenty-five cents it was worth only twenty cents. Then the young man gave his card to the laborer and said, 'You take this up to Governor Grimes; I want to see him.' 'Ah,' said the laborer, 'I am Governor Grimes.' 'Oh,' said the young man, 'you—I—excuse me.' Then the Governor said: 'I was much impressed by the letter you wrote me asking for a certain office in my gift, and I had made up my mind you should have it; but a young man who will cheat a laborer out of five cents would swindle the Government of the State if he got his hands on it. I don't want you. Good morning, sir.' —Talmage.

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Comrades.

(Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Harper's Young People.')

Here is our picture. Jocko and I
Stood without winking or blinking,
Just like two statues under the sky.
I don't know of what Jocko was thinking,
But I must confess that I felt quite fine
That we should be taken together;
I'm Jocko's comrade, and he is mine,
And we face all sorts of weather.

Never mind me, fellows; I'm a boy;
But look at my dog, and tell me
If you don't envy me some of the joy
That one day of days befell me,
When Jocko came straight to my hand held out,
And into it, most sedately,
Dropped that great muzzle; no growl or pout,
But free as a king and stately,
Talk of your pets! He's more than a pet!
He's a comrade, true as a brother!
With a big brave soul, that's too proud to fret,
That wouldn't change me for another.
Jolly? Of course, for the road we take,
The rough or the smooth, glad-hearted;
See, what a beautiful picture we make
We two who refuse to be parted.

How Rover Saved Punch.

(Anna Guilbert Mahon, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Kathleen stood at the window looking down at the snow. It was the biggest snowstorm she had ever seen. She was sure it was going to be a blizzard such as she had heard her father and mother talk about. The wind was blowing a terrific gale, hurling the snow into high drifts in some places and leaving the ground almost bare in others. She wished with all her might she could be out in it, plunging through the soft drifts with her little rubber boots and feeling the soft, cool flakes on her face. But Kathleen had a bad cold and a sore throat, and the doctor said she must stay in the warm bedroom.

'Well, I declare,' exclaimed the little girl, 'if there isn't Punch! How in the world did he get out?'

Punch was about as small as it is possible for a black spaniel to be. He was Kathleen's great pet, and was very much spoiled in consequence. He had the prettiest bed to lie on and the daintiest food to eat. He scorned what an ordinary dog would like, and he thought himself twice as good as any other dog in the neighborhood.

Next door the boys had a big Newfoundland, and he and Punch were sworn enemies. Punch growled fiercely if Rover even walked past the house; and, if he could snap at the big dog's heels and then run to a safe distance, he felt very proud, indeed. Rover treated his little neighbor with lofty scorn, although once, when Punch was very annoying, he caught him and gave him such a shaking that the little dog was thoroughly frightened, and did not venture near him for many a day. 'Mother! mother!' called Kathleen, 'Punch is out: call him in!' But there was no response from the kitchen.

Meanwhile Punch was enjoying himself to the fullest extent, climbing over mounds of snow and shaking the flakes from his back. But his fun was soon to end, for, as he started to cross the street, he stepped suddenly down the curb into a huge drift of snow, and went down, down, until there was no little black dog to be seen.

Kathleen turned pale with fright.

'Mother! mother!' she screamed; but her mother was too far away to hear.

Kathleen looked up and down the street. There was no one in sight. What should she do? The doctor said she must not leave the room, and her mother had expressly forbidden her to go into the cold hall. Punch would be buried in the snowbank, and there was no one to save him.

Just then a big black object came running up the street, and went straight to the place where Punch had disappeared.

'Rover!' cried Kathleen, and watched breathlessly the big dog as he commenced to scratch at the snow-bank. How fast he worked, first with one big black foot and then with the other! Clouds of snow flew in all directions.

The minutes seemed hours to Kathleen; but, finally, the big dog's efforts were rewarded, and a small black ball rolled out, and Punch, very cold and frightened almost to death, shook himself and crept slowly toward the house, with Rover jumping up and down beside him, wagging his great tail and barking joyfully.

Rover and Punch are now the best friends it is possible for two dogs to be. The great black Newfoundland and the tiny spaniel are often seen walking and playing together, and any one in the neighborhood can tell you how the big one saved the little one from freezing to death in the snow-bank.

Katie's Saturday.

'Dear me!' sighed Katie, when she got up that Saturday morning.

'What can be the matter?' said mamma, laughing at the doleful face.

'Oh, there's thousands and millions of things the matter!' said Katie, crossly. She was a little girl whodid not like to be laughed at.

'Now, Katie,' said mamma, this time, seriously, 'as soon as you are dressed, I have something I want you to do for me down in the library.'

'Before breakfast?' said Katie.

'No, you can have breakfast first,' mamma answered, laughing again at the cloudy little face.

Katie was very curious to know what this was; and, as perhaps you are, too, we will skip the breakfast and go right into the library.

Mamma was sitting at the desk, with a piece of paper and a pencil in front of her.

'Now, Katie,' she said, taking her little daughter on her lap, 'I want you to write down a few of those things that trouble you. One thousand will do!'

'O mamma, you're laughing at me now,' said Katie; 'but I can think of at least ten right this minute.'

'Very well,' said mamma; 'put down ten.' So Katie wrote:

'1. It's gone and rained, so we can't go out to play.

'2. Minnie is going away, so I'll have to sit with that horrid little Jean Bascom on Monday.

'3.'—

Here Katie bit her pencil, and then couldn't helplaughing. 'That's all I can think of just this minute,' she said.

'Well,' said the mother, 'I'll just keep this paper a day or two.'

That afternoon the rain had cleared away, and Katie and her mamma, as they sat at the window, saw Uncle Jack come to take Kate to drive; and, oh, what a jolly afternoon they had of it!

Monday, when Katie came home from school, she said: 'O mamma, I didn't like Jean at all at first; but she's a lovely seat-mate. I'm so glad, aren't you?'

'Oh!' was all mamma said; but somehow it made Katie think of her Saturday troubles and the paper.

'I guess I'll tear up the paper now, mamma, dear,' she said, laughing rather shyly.

'And next time,' said mamma, 'why not let the troubles alone until they are a certainty? There are many of them that turn out very pleasant, if you only wait to see. By waiting, you see, you can save the trouble of crying and worrying at all.'—'Sunlight.'

God's Little Garden.

My heart is in God's little garden,
And the fruits that grow each day
Are the things He sees me doing,
And the words He hears me say.

The flowers in 'God's little garden'
Are 'joy,' and 'truth,' and 'love;'
And the seed by the Master planted
Is raised in His garden above.

There's a spring in 'God's little garden,'
Whose waters, so sweet and clear,
Flow out into other gardens,
Which God plants very near.

I must tend 'God's little garden,'
Lest the weeds and sharp thorns grow;
If the flowers should droop and wither
His heart would be sad I know.

—A. W. Spooner, in the 'Presbyterian Journal.'

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LESSON IV.—JULY 26.

Saul Rejected as King.

I. Samuel xv., 13-23.

Golden Text.

To obey is better than sacrifice. I. Samuel xv., 22.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 20.—I. Sam. xv., 10-23.
Tuesday, July 21.—I. Sam. xv., 24-31.
Wednesday, July 22.—I. Sam. xv., 1-9.
Thursday, July 23.—I. Sam. xiii., 5-14.
Friday, July 24.—Micah vi., 1-8.
Saturday, July 25.—Is. i., 22-33.
Sunday, July 26.—Ps. li., 1-19.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

13. And Samuel came to Saul: and Saul said unto him, Blessed be thou of the Lord; I have performed the commandment of the Lord.

14. And Samuel said, What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?

15. And Saul said, They have brought them from the Amalekites: for the people spared the best of the sheep and of the oxen, to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God; and the rest we have utterly destroyed.

16. Then Samuel said unto Saul, Stay, and I will tell thee what the Lord hath said to me this night. And he said unto him, Say on.

17. And Samuel said, When thou wast little in thine own sight, wast thou not made the head of the tribes of Israel, and the Lord anointed thee king over Israel?

18. And the Lord sent thee on a journey, and said, Go and utterly destroy the sinners the Amalekites, and fight against them until they be consumed.

19. Wherefore didst thou not obey the voice of the Lord, but didst fly upon the spoil, and didst evil in the sight of the Lord?

20. And Saul said unto Samuel, Yea, I have obeyed the voice of the Lord, and have gone the way which the Lord sent me, and have brought Agag the king of Amalek, and have utterly destroyed the Amalekites.

21. But the people took of the spoil, sheep and oxen, the chief of the things which should have been utterly destroyed, to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God in Gilgal.

22. And Samuel said, Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.

23. For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry. Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king.

Ten or fifteen years elapsed between the events of last week's lesson and the present one. It takes only a few moments to read the passage between the lesson of a week ago and this one, yet in those verses you will see how Saul's impatience, fear, and lack of faith led him to offer a sacrifice, which none but a man of priestly rank had a right to offer.

On that occasion Samuel the prophet rebuked him, and foretold that the kingdom should not continue under his house, but said that the Lord had sought another to be 'captain over his people.'

Again Saul showed poor judgment in forbidding his soldiers to eat at a time when they greatly needed nourishment in order to carry on an important battle, and, but for the vigorous protest of the people, he would have slain his own son, a brave soldier, who did not know of the command not to eat.

Saul's reign was one of constant warfare with the enemies of Israel. Among them were the Amalekites. They were a powerful wandering people in the region south of Palestine. If you turn to the account of the journey of Israel from Egypt, and their settlement in the Promised Land, you will discover that the Amalekites gave the people constant trouble during those times, attacking them upon the way, and joining their enemies after they had entered their new home.

But for several hundred years after Israel had first encountered the Amalekites, the nation had been too busy with the work of settling the country and dealing with enemies nearer at hand, to undertake a war against a powerful people as far away as the Amalekites. The vengeance of God was thus held in check until the time of Saul, then God sent Samuel to commission King Saul to go out against the Amalekites and utterly destroy them. They were to slay every living person, and all the cattle and other animals that belonged to the Amalekites.

Thus God was to deal with the enemies of his chosen people. If you read the history of Israel even down to our own time, you will discover that God has never prospered a nation that has oppressed the Jews. The day of vengeance may be long delayed, as in this case, but it surely comes. There are millions of Jews in the world to-day, and they are a distinct and separate people, but many a nation that oppressed them has vanished from the earth.

But Saul again proved unwise and disobedient, for he saved Agag, the king of the Amalekites, alive, and allowed the people to save alive the best of the animals that belonged to the Amalekites. Saul seems to have had great physical courage, but little moral strength. He could attack enemies in battle but could not resist temptation to disobey God.

Then God sent Samuel again to Saul to rebuke him for his disobedience, and here our present lesson opens.

'I have performed the commandment of the Lord.' 13:—When Samuel reached Gilgal, Saul went out to meet him, and greeted him with a blessing, and the declaration that he had performed the Lord's commandment. This was untrue. It would almost seem that Saul forgot that Samuel was a prophet, and that he would know whether the king had really obeyed or not. He had more than once shown Saul that he had more than human knowledge of events. But Saul greets him with a smooth politeness and makes this statement, as though this settled everything. The Amalekites have been put out of the way and this troublesome matter is settled. What can I do for the Lord next?

'What meaneth this bleating?' etc. 14:—But Samuel punctures Saul's complacent assertion by a question that makes all dodging useless. The sheep and oxen, that the people have taken contrary to God's will, lift their voices to witness against the king.

'To sacrifice unto the Lord thy God.' 15:—Saul, in response to Samuel's stern and searching question attempts to leave himself out of the case by telling Samuel what 'the people' have done. It was a lame excuse. Saul was the divinely appointed leader of the people, and was responsible for their actions. It seems absurd, also, to say that they took these animals in order to sacrifice them to the Lord, for animals used in sacrifice were to be taken from their own property and not from some enemy, so that they would mean a personal gift, and a personal self denial for God! But Saul, having begun a course of disobedience, had reached the point where he seemed unable to understand how God looked into his soul. This is true of men to-day; they become blinded by their own wickedness.

'I will tell thee what the Lord hath said,' 16:—Suddenly Samuel puts a stop to Saul's miserable excuses, and over against his hypocritical explanations proceeds to set forth what God says. After telling what God said about Saul, verse 11, of this chapter, says, 'And it grieved Samuel; and he cried unto the Lord all night.' This all night communion had prepared the prophet to face the guilty king, just as all night prayer has prepared many a man to face his Maker or to meet some serious emergency in his life. The God who heard Samuel that night hears his earnest servants now .

'The Lord anointed thee king over Israel.' 17:—It was the Lord who had done this for him; the same Lord whom he had disobeyed.

'Go and utterly destroy,' 18:—Next Samuel recalls the commission laid upon Saul, when God sent him against the Amalekites, reminding him that he was to utterly destroy them. They were not to stop until their ancient enemies were 'consumed.' God is not content with partial obedience.

'Wherefore then didst thou not obey?' etc., 19:—The commandment was repeated by Samuel, and then comes the hard question for Saul, Why did you not obey?

'Yea, I have obeyed,' 20, 22:—Saul attempts a smooth reply. He had obeyed, he says, he went where God sent him, he took the king of the enemy and destroyed them. He mentions the taking of the king alive as though that were one of the things commanded, weaving his obedience and disobedience into a cunningly attempted excuse. Then he again refers to what 'the people' saw fit to do, as though it were no concern of his. Notice his references to 'the Lord thy God,' as though he felt that he was no longer a servant of God. Disobedience leads to separation from God.

'To obey is better than sacrifice:'—Verse 22 is one of the great verses of the Bible. It lays down a great principle. Outward form is useless without heart obedience.

'He hath also rejected thee,' 23:—Indifference to God's commands is no light thing in his eyes. Unrepented of and unforgiven it leads to rejection of a soul by its Lord.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, July 26.—Topic—A mission study of South America. Luke ii., 25-32.

Junior C. E. Topic

DRUNKENNESS.

Monday, July 20.—Who causes it? Hab. ii., 15.

Tuesday, July 21.—How it hurts. Isa. xxviii., 7.

Wednesday, July 22.—Destroys kings. Prov. xxxi., 4, 5.

Thursday, July 23.—Robs of wit. Ps. cvii., 27.

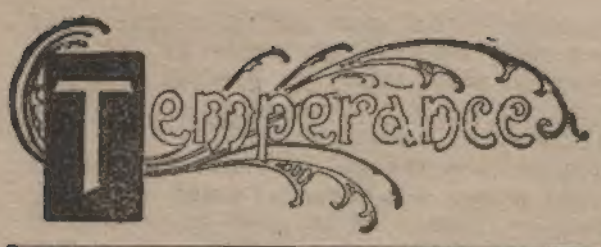
Friday, July 24.—Warnings against. Luke xxi., 34.

Saturday, July 25.—Shuts out heaven. I. Cor. vi., 9, 10.

Sunday, July 26.—Topic—God's judgment on the drunkard. Isa. v., 11, 12, 20-23.

The Teacher.

Is it needless to point out that only a Christian can properly teach the Christian faith? I fear not. Some superintendents and committees of selection are too prone to be satisfied with other qualifications in the absence of this, the great determining condition. To do this is to stultify a great work. Religion is not something that can be taught by an outsider; the teacher is not a professor or lecturer, expounding a system of thought in which he may, or may not be, a believer; he is the personal bearer of a message from God to the children; he should be chosen for this task, first and foremost, because he has himself experienced the saving grace of God in his own heart. While certain intellectual gifts are necessary to a successful teacher, the primal thing is that he must be a believer, full of earnest faith in the Gospel, and eager to be used as a medium for its transmission to others. It is the presence or absence of this 'missionary quality' which ultimately determines the success or failure of a teacher with his class.—The Rev. R. Griffith Jones.



A Fight Against Odds

(Kate Anderson, in the 'Union Signal.')

(Synopsis of preceding chapters.)

[The Kilgour family are engaged in a desperate struggle to save the idolized youngest son, Claude, from the curse of cigarette smoking. After various drastic measures and sickening failures Claude is locked in his room. His brother Willie, who lies at the point of death, after living through a dangerous attack of typhoid fever, has been thrown into a relapse through the weakness of a schoolmate watcher, who, after taking a drink of brandy, gives to him the remnants of Claude's supper.

CHAPTER VI.

When Alf. was summoned the truth was learned. The young man's utter misery and distress were touching when he realized his fatal mistake. He stammered and stumbled for a possible explanation, but finally broke down and confessed the true one. 'So help me, God, I have taken my last drop of the accursed stuff.'

To Ralph and Alice the verdict was tenderly and pitifully given by the sorrowing physician.

'O Ralph, Ralph, how can we tell mamma?' moaned the devoted and heart-broken sister.

'Alice, dear Alice; don't give way like this. You have been the bravest of us all,' begged Ralph, as he supported the half-fainting and grief-crazed girl to a couch.

Mrs. Kilgour herself, pale and dry-eyed, entered the room at that moment.

'I know all, my dear children,' she said clamly. 'Ralph, dear, go and tell Claude.' She went to the couch and took the slight, trembling form of her daughter to her heart.

'My child, my little girl; would that mother could comfort you now as you have tried to comfort her all these months. Hush, hush, child! There, lay your head down.'

'Mother, mother, can you know? Have they told you?'

A strange light burned in the mother's eye. 'Thank God!' she exclaimed without a tremor. 'One child safe, safe, safe! One dear child safe forever from the snares and sorrows of this wretched earth! Yes, my boy is safe—"safe in the arms of Jesus." Would that every child's future were as safe as our Willie's to-day.'

Her mother's unnatural calm and strange words quickly distracted Alice from her own abandonment to grief.

'Mamma, darling mamma, you are ill; let me call the doctor.'

'No, dear, I am perfectly myself; but you cannot as yet understand the depth of a mother's love and a mother's woe until (though God forbid it!) you shall yourself be brought, some anguished hour, to the point of cheerfully, resignedly preferring to part with a child, knowing that he is in the Heavenly Father's arms rather than to see him live on, to face the fatal temptations of this life. There are worse sorrows than this of losing our darling Willie who is so ready and ripe for heaven that God is taking him to himself, where I shall never be parted from him through all eternity. But Claude—Claude—'

At last came a flood of agonizing tears, not for the dying, but for the living.

And so Willie Kilgour died, and went to heaven, and thus was prematurely cut off the earthly course of one of the most winsome souls, ere nineteen years had been counted over his head.

One more innocent victim of the fell destroyer—drink! Was it some strange premonition of his own fate which had, less than two years before, instilled that vague horror of the accursed thing into Willie's soul, even before that soul had become awakened to God's truth?

* * * * * *

Claude's two-weeks' confinement before his brother's death, during which he had been absolutely and relentlessly cut off from even the slightest whiff of the narcotic which had become to him a crying physical necessity, had been days of unspeakable physical and mental misery. Though he had entered willingly and resignedly into his imprisonment, the first day had scarcely passed before he would have moved heaven and earth, had it been in his power, to gain his liberty, if only long enough to secure one smoke. With all the cunning of a fox he watched for a chance to escape. He was convinced that ere long, by patience and ingenuity, he would attain his ends, as he had never, sooner or later, failed to do. But Ralph had been aroused to the utmost precaution and determination. It was his theory that could Claude be kept, if only by force, from indulging for a few short weeks, until the first acute stage had passed, he would then be sufficiently strengthened to help in the cure by an effort of his own will.

The family had been obliged to take Miss Roberts, the nurse, into their confidence, and in that determined and strong-minded young woman they had found an invaluable ally. Not once did Claude succeed even so much as in gaining the hallway, or in surreptitiously sending a note to one of his choice friends, though the ingenious and various methods he tried were innumerable. At times, his narcotic-wasted and evil passions being roused to a pitch of defiance and hatred, he would not have hesitated to set fire to the house, or, like his favorite character, 'Bold Ben, the Dauntless Darer,' to have fought his way out with knives and pistols, but by his utmost wiles he could not even secure a match. On second thought Ralph had changed his mind about allowing him the tool chest, and had securely nailed the diamond-paned window, allowing only a slit at the top for air. Ralph slept with him at night, and a lamp was never brought into the room. These precautions were all observed, although Claude was shrewd enough never to betray by word or look aught but humble resignation to his lot, and the most apparently sincere wish on his own part to aid in curing himself of the habit which his family were endeavoring to break by the use of such extreme measures.

At the end of ten days, Claude was reasonably chastened and had passed through the first agonies of total abstinence. Better thoughts were straying on the surface of his perverted nature, and as much as possible he was touched by the love, prayers and unfaltering kindness of his devoted mother, sister and brothers. He made up his mind that he now would really give up the use of cigarettes. He was getting along very well without them, and he would not miss them at all in another week. He was glad Willie was getting better. He was so sorry for the grief he had caused his dear mother. Never mind, he would make it all up doubly to her, and everything would be happy again.

Willie's unexpected death stirred to the depths what remained of Claude's originally tender and noble nature. It intensified his somewhat shallow remorse and also sincerely strengthened his good resolutions.

(To be Continued.)

Just What it Meant.

In one of the cities of Massachusetts no drink license had been granted for two years, but at a recent election the restriction was withdrawn. The effects were disastrous. Take the following:—A little boy, when in a store, said—

'Well, the saloons are open again.'

'Yes,' answered the merchant; 'and does it make any difference to you, my little man?'

'Well,' said the boy hesitatingly, 'we don't have so much to eat at our house when the saloons are open.'

The Drink and the Bite.

'The free lunch,' it is sometimes said, 'is the redeeming feature of the saloon.' Hear what Mrs. Chauncey Depew says about it: 'The free lunch is largely responsible for the enslavement of young men to drink. As sure as a man eats a free lunch, just so sure will he be a drinking man, unless he is possessed of rare self-control. A man takes a drink and a bite. The bite makes him thirsty and the drink makes him hungry, and many a man who would leave a saloon after having imbibed one drink, will stick all day as long as the free lunch is there. It isn't the drink that keeps him, but the ingenious make-up of the free lunch, and that's why I say it's a blotch on civilization and should be wiped out.' We don't believe in the free lunch business, either, but we would wipe it out by wiping out the saloon business. It is the drink, not the bite, that is a blotch upon civilization, and the same power that can enforce the prohibition of the one can enforce the prohibition of the other.—'Union Signal.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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The following are the contents of the issue of July 4, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

'Americanization' of Western Canada—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Arrival of the Benedictines in England—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Two Important Speeches in the House of Lords' Debate on Preferential Tariffs—The English Papers, The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Can the English-Speaking Races be Unified?—M. W. H., in the New York 'Sun.'
Definition by Exclusion—M. S., in 'The Pilot,' London.
John Wesley—By J. B., in the 'Christian World,' London.
Wesley's Birthday—The 'Christian World,' London.
The Lynching Madness—The 'Evening Post,' New York.
This Way Madness Lies—The 'Daily News,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Law for the Protection of Art Treasures in Italy—The 'Times' Correspondent, Rome.
Italy and her Art Treasures—The 'Times,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Responsibility—Lytton.
Slow Through the Dark—Poem, by Paul Laurence Dunbar.
The Indigo Bird—Poem, by John Burroughs, in the July 'Century.'
Madame Waddington's Letters—The 'Standard,' London; the 'Daily Chronicle,' London.
Sailor Critics—By W. L. Alden, in the New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
The Fascination of Lamb—The 'Outlook,' London.
The Bibliophile's Kingdom—Roswell Field, in the Chicago 'Post.'
The River—Frederick G. Scott, in the Boston 'Evening Transcript.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Science and Vulgarity of Mind—The 'Saturday Review,' London.
New Ways Round the World—By the Editor of 'Bradshaw,' in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
The Widening of Man's Horizon—The 'Spectator,' London.
The Heavens in July—By Henry Norris Russell, Ph. D., in the 'Scientific American.'

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Correspondence

TEXT HUNT FOR THE TINIES.

Dear Boys and Girls who are not very big and wise,—I have a little Sunday work for you to do like what your big sisters and brothers found in this paper last week. I am going to give you seven little verses to find in the chapters from which the Sunday-school lessons are being taken. It is generally interesting to read the whole chapter in which your lesson is, and indeed it is always a good plan to put the most good work into what you do instead of the least.

But now for the texts which you may look for in the tenth and fifteenth chapters of I. Samuel, and in the chapters between.

1. God save the king.
2. The Lord will not forsake his people.
3. Consider how great things he hath done for you.
4. Serve the Lord with all your heart.
5. The Strength of Israel will not lie nor repent.
6. To obey is better than sacrifice.
7. God gave him another heart.

The names of those who give the correct answers before the first of August will be printed.—Ed.

Riversdale, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bagster Bible you sent me, and think it is very nice. Many thanks. I go fishing on Saturday, and sometimes I get a good catch. We are going to have a picnic next Friday, before our teacher goes.

JOHN A. W.

McDonald's Corners.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from this village, I am going to write one. We all like the 'Messenger'; we get the Sunday-school lesson in it. I attend the Presbyterian Church and Sunday-school. Our minister is the Rev. Mr. Guy. I live about three miles from the Presbyterian church. We intend having a social on July 8th. Our school here closed on the 27th of June. Hoping to see more letters from here, A. M. A.

(We will be glad to hear about the social at length.—Ed.)

Union Point, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' ever since January, and I like the stories very much. I saw a letter from Norman G., and I thought I would write too. I am getting names for the Bible. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I wonder if anybody else's birthday is on the same date as mine, February 3rd. I am ten years old, and am in the third book.

JOHN C. D.

Dear Editor,—I wrote a letter to the 'Messenger' before, and I saw it in print, so I will write another. I have been away on a holiday trip, which I will describe. On June 12th we left Brussels at 7.30 in the morning, and returned at 11 o'clock at night. At Parkhead we saw the cement works. The next station was Shallow Lake. Here we saw a lake half a mile long and six inches deep. Its bottom is of rock. The land is very rocky around these parts. We were two miles from Owen Sound when we saw Georgian Bay. As we neared the station the train went faster till it went by the water. We dined at the Queen's Hotel. Then we went down to the wharf to see the steamers. 'Manitoba' was the largest. It was black up to the second deck, and the rest was white. The 'Pittsburg,' of Toronto, was being repaired. It was white. The 'City of Windsor' and 'Majestic' were painted white. At four o'clock we went aboard the 'Canada.' The steamer turned, and we left Owen Sound far behind. When we reached Balmy Beach we saw many summer houses and fine parks. When the crowd got on, we started for Owen Sound again. From the 'Canada' we could see great rock hills, covered with bushes, on every side. There was in the bay a cape with a forest growing on it. When we were going to the station we saw a black bear. Lord Minto was expected to come to Owen Sound on June 23rd. The steamer 'Canada' was painted white. On the second deck there was a place like a house, which was called a cabin. The floor of the cabin is carpeted and the walls are papered. There are chairs and table in it.

J. ELLEN E. age 11).

Solina, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been wanting to write to the 'Messenger' for a long time. I have not seen any letters from here, so I thought I would write one. I wonder if any girl or boy's birthday is on the same day as mine, November 12. I will be eleven next birthday. I have no pets, but my baby brother, whose name is Lawrie. I was reading recently a letter in the 'Messenger' written by a girl in North Topeka, and it was a very interesting letter. The night before I read this letter I read of a great disaster in the same town, in which this girl lived. The Kansas river overflowed, and destroyed nearly all of North Topeka. The water went into some buildings, which started to burn, and then the fire burnt anything that came in its way. I would like to know if the girl was burned, drowned or saved. I hope she is saved, and will see my letter in the 'Messenger,' and write to the 'Messenger,' if she is alive. I go to school every day. I keep a record in my scribbler, and then when the year is over I can see how many mistakes I had at school. I go to Sunday-school and the Methodist church. I will give you a list of the buildings in the village of Solina: One Sons of Temperance Hall, one store, one school, two churches, one blacksmith's shop, and one painting shop. There are forty-seven pupils in our school. Those over fourteen go to the Sons of Temperance Hall. My father is a farmer. I will close now, wishing the 'Messenger' every success.

GRETA V. N.

St. James, N.B.

Dear Editor,—As there are so many writing to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write too. My sister takes this paper, and we have taken it for over twelve years, and we all think it very nice. It has nice stories for the little folks. I read the correspondence and most of the stories. I have six sisters and two brothers. I live on a farm in the country, and go to school and Sunday-school. We have a mission band here, and I belong to it. I have no pets except a baby sister, a little over three months old. I had a little bird once that I found on the road with its wing broken. It was a little cedar bird. I took it home and put it in a box, and its wing soon got better. It seemed to like to sit on high places, so I got a bough of a tree and put it in the box, and it would fly up there and go to sleep. Sometimes we would put it out doors, and one day it flew away and never came back. A. M. H.

(Very neatly written.—Ed.)

Camilla, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Having read so many interesting letters in the 'Northern Messenger' lately, I have come to the conclusion that I would write too. I am eight years old, and am going to school. I will soon be in the third book. We have a Jersey cow and a canary, which I sometimes attend to. I have a brother which is two years younger than I am, and he goes to school too. My papa is a blacksmith, and I am his boy. Last Thanksgiving papa, mamma, my brother and I were away on a trip to see papa's friends, and my uncles, and aunts, and cousins. We all enjoyed the trip very much, but it was too short, that was all. Papa just subscribed for the 'Messenger' lately, because he says I took an interest in reading. He wants to make a good and smart boy of me. RUSSEL V. N

HOUSEHOLD.

Emergency Remedies, and Children's Part in Applying Them.

(Belle V. Chisholm, in 'American Mother.')

If from their earliest childhood mothers would teach their children to act and not scream, when confronted with sudden danger, the startling list of 'fatal accidents' in the morning dailies would shrink into so small a space as to attract attention by the rarity of its horrors.

'At what age should instructions begin?' asks the mother, her eyes wet because of the terrible accident that has emptied the crib and craped the doors of her neighbor's house across the way.

A learned physician, when asked when to begin a child's education, replied, 'A hundred years before it is born'; so I say to mothers, if the babe comes into the world inheriting a perfect physical organization, nature has fought half your battles; but lose no time in taking advantage of the victory already yours. First gain complete control over yourself; not only of your tongue and temper, but also of your facial expression, for mother's face is baby's barometer, and the clouds and sunshine of his life are regulated thereby. Teach him by precept as well as by practice to be brave, obedient, self-reliant, and above all not to get excited over trifles. With this firm foundation laid, the little one will not be a stupid pupil when he arrives at the age of 'whys' and 'wherefores.'

It is astounding how much and how correctly a child can be taught, and how much pride he takes in being brave and helpful in times of danger. Our little Katy had been thoroughly drilled in what to do if her clothes should catch fire, but her test trial did not come until she was four years old. That morning she was playing in the nursery over the living room. As usual, I was busy with my needle, and her father, just returned from a visit to a patient in the country, had taken a seat by the fire to look over the morning paper. Overhead the patter of Katy's baby feet, alternating with her childish lullaby to her dolls, floated down to us, filling our hearts with songs and gladness. Presently there was a thud on the floor above, as of something falling, followed immediately by the tap, tap, tap of a child's toes on the thick carpet. 'Fire!' the word sprang from both our lips at the same instant, but the doctor being nearer the hall door reached the nursery a moment in advance. The room was filled with smoke. Katy was rolling back and forth over the heavy woollen hearth rug, with nothing left of her dainty white pinafore, except the straps and belt. Two of her long brown curls were burnt half away, and the silk ruffle that adorned her wool gown was singed, ready to drop into holes. 'My brave baby!' said papa huskily, as with his hands he smothered the smouldering fire in the child's underclothing.

'I was reaching up to get Dolly Elizabeth's muff off the mantle, and my apron caught on fire,' explained Katy. 'It was just awful for a moment, but I shut my lips tightly, and lay down on the floor and rolled the fire out, keeping my toes going all the time, so you would know, and my mouth shut, too, to keep from swallowing the fire, you know,' replied the little tot, and what did it matter if she did get terms a little mixed, when the darling was safe herself?

The other night a family residing in a little village, destitute of fire protection, awoke to find the house in flames. Seizing the garments and bedclothes at hand, all rushed out in the darkness, glad to escape with their lives. A moment later a child's scream was heard inside the burning building, and in despair, it was learned that little Florence, the darling of the household, was missing. Both father and mother attempted to go to the little one's rescue, but by this time the stairs were ablaze, and they were forced back, almost

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suffocated. Meanwhile the little fourteen-year-old serving maid, wetting a blanket, threw it over herself and rushed into the house, up the burning stairs, and a few minutes later came back with the child, untouched by the fire. 'We were too excited to think of the wet blanket,' said the mother hysterically. Yes, and if the little serving maid's mother had not taught her to act instead of getting excited in emergencies, little Florence's life would have paid the forfeit of her parents' lack of self-control.

Last autumn, while a party of schoolboys were out nutting, one of them fell from a tree and cut a gash in his leg, just above the knee. The blood spurted out in jets, while the boy turned white, and looked as though he would faint. His companions were frightened, and ran hither and thither, not knowing what to do or where to go for help. 'Let me fix it,' said Jack Reed, a lad of thirteen, and the next moment he had knotted his handkerchief around the boy's leg above the wound, and with a smooth stick in the loop was gently twisting the bandage to a compress right above the wound. Very soon the blood ceased to flow and the color began to creep back into the boy's pale face and lips. It was a full hour after the accident occurred before a doctor could be had, but Jack's crude treatment answered every purpose, and the doctor was very lavish with his praise for the boy who had the presence of mind to put his physiology into practice, while his companions were running around frightened half out of their senses.

It was only a few days after this accident that one of the smaller boys in the same school cut a deep gash in his arm. In the absence of Jack the other boys undertook to carry out his method of stopping the flow of blood, but without success. When Jack came he exchanged the bandage from above to below the wound, explaining that it was a vein that was cut this time. 'What's the difference?' asked one of the boys. 'When the blood comes from an artery, which can be told by its flowing in spouts and jets, the bandage must go above, between the wound and the heart, from which the blood comes; but if from a vein, it flows more smoothly, and the bandage goes below the cut, as the veins carry the blood back to the heart.'

It was only last summer that a little girl of my acquaintance came near being drowned because her young companions had not been taught the duty of acting in the face of danger. Mamie and her girl friends were gathering flowers along the river-bank, when, venturing a little too far, in her endeavors to secure a bunch of water-lilies, Mamie missed her footing and slipped into the stream. The girls lost their presence of mind and ran off screaming, leaving Mamie to her fate. A little lame girl, smaller than any of the frightened damsels, hearing their shrieks, hobbled across the sands on her crutches, and because there was nothing at hand with which to make a float, flung one of her crutches to the girl struggling in the water, and told her to hold on to it just a minute. That 'minute's hold' kept Mamie up until help came, and she was rescued, not much the worse, except for the scare; though if the girls had only thrown her some of the loose branches of the trees that the last night's storm had scattered along the river's bank, they would not only have saved her from the shock, but themselves the humiliation of being cowards.

A few days ago one of the grammar-school girls fainted, while at the blackboard, dropping to the floor limp and helpless. In consternation the scholars crowded around her, and even the young teacher, losing her presence of mind, raised the girl to a sitting posture and asked help to carry her to her seat.

'Stand back and give her air,' said a fourteen-year-old girl who had a sensible mother at home. 'And please, teacher, lay her down flat on her back.' Then, after opening the windows and removing her collar, the girl bathed her face and rubbed her hands gently until returning consciousness rewarded her efforts.

As fainting is the result of a lack of blood to the brain, nothing could be more injurious than the common method of propping the patient up. It is easier for blood, like anything else, to run down hill than up, hence get the head even a little lower than the shoulders if possible. In sunstroke, especially if the face is flushed, the opposite is true, and the treatment ought to be reversed. Syncope, from overdose of ether or chloroform, should, in the absence of a physician, be treated by a hasty lowering of the head.

A neighbor's child drank a quantity of lye, and would have been dead before the arrival of the doctor had not the little nurse girl told the mother that vinegar would counteract the effect. The mother poured the vinegar down the child's throat and it was out of danger before the doctor came. The same sensible little maid was on hand with her vinegar, when the boy of the household, in his efforts of white-washing, managed to get his eyes full of lime, an experience that, under less wise treatment, might have cost him his eyesight.

Just one more incident in the line of the common mistake of overdoses of opium. In my absence a careless nurse gave my little boy a teaspoonful of laudanum, mistaking it for his cough-medicine. She discovered the error at once, but being out in the country could not get medical aid.

'Give him strong coffee,' said a boy visitor and city dude, as they called him; he made the coffee and taking charge of the child, coaxed him to drink two large cupfuls of the strong beverage. In addition, he kept him out of doors and stirring about, so that by the time that the doctor arrived, he was fairly over the dose, and in need of sleep from the exhaustion.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, U.S.A.

Nos. 81,539, Jakob Benninger, Baden, Ont., improvement in building blocks; 81,603, Nil Cayouette, Amqui, Que., hay press; 81,612, Gaudias Leclerc, Chartierville, Que., wood-sawing machine; 81,614, Edmond Landry, Farnham, Que., nut lock; 81,620, James Millar, Lyn, Ont., hand cultivator; 81,631, Albert Hebert, Shediac, N.B., hub nut; 81,667, Wm. P. Stickney, Berlin, N.H., device for handling paper rolls; 81,673, Damase Beaulieu, Matane, Que., automatic fire alarm.

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'